

The Newport Daily News.

\$5.00 PER ANNUM.

"Liberty and Union now and forever, one and inseparable."—Webster.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

VOL XVII.

NEWPORT, TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 6, 1863.

NO 208

The Daily News.

For Prospectus, Advertising and Subscription Terms, see last Column of this page.

Poetical.

DIGE OF A SOLDIER.

Closes his eyes this work is done!
What if his friend or foeman?
His nation, or set of men?
Hand of man, or hand of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought hi-night,
Proved his truth by hi-endavor:
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever nor forever,
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and for the volley;
What to him are all our wars,
What but death honesting folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low!

PHILA. JONES.

HYMN.

BY NATHANIEL NILES, 1775.
(Sung at the Celebration of Forefathers' Day in Middletown, Vt., 1862.)

Why should val' mors tremble at the sight of
Dreadful destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage strew the ground in crimson,
Bounding with death groups?

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us quiet under all His judgments!
Never repining, but forever praising
God the Creator.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine:
Nor less His goodness in the storm and thunder,
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

Life for our country and the cause of freedom
Is but a trifl for val' mors to part with,
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is restored.

O, then exult that God forever reigneth!
Clouds which around Him hinder one preception,
Bind us the stronger to extol His name, and
Shout louder praises!

Miscellany.

THE PRAYING COLLIER.

OR,

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Caleb Jones was a poor collier in Wales, living among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford. He was a very pious man, and for one in his circumstances, his knowledge and understanding were remarkable. Every Sabbath he walked seven miles to the house of God. Bad weather seldom kept him away. But one winter a violent snow storm blocked up the passes of the hills, that he was shut up to his dwelling, unable to go to the mines without danger, or to do anything for the support of his large family.

His pastor, Rev. Dr. Stennett, and other friends were concerned for him and his household should perish from want; but it was impossible to get to his dwelling to aid him. No sooner, however, did the snow begin melting, so that the passways of the mountains were opened, than Caleb appeared again as usual in the sanctuary. His good pastor spied him with joy; and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said,

"O Caleb, how glad I am to see you! How have you lived through the bitter severity of this winter?"

"Never better in all my life," said the other cheerfully; "I not only had necessities, but lived upon dainties, and have some still remaining. I think the Lord has been feeding us."

He then went on to tell the doctor more particularly that one night, just at the commencement of the storm, they had eaten up the last of their food, nor was there human possibility of getting any more. But still he was quite composed, and felt that he was able to rely on God, who had both the power and the willingness to provide for his wants. He went to prayer with his family and then to rest, and they all slept till morning, when they were awakened very early by a knock at the door, where they found a man with a horse loaded with provisions, who asked if Caleb Jones lived here. Caleb answered in the affirmative, when the man desired him to help unload the provisions, as they were for himself; and when he asked who sent it, the man said he believed it came from God, and no other answer could be obtained from him.—When the things were in the house and examined, Caleb was astonished

at the quantity and variety of the articles—bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt, meat and fresh.

The good pastor was affected with the account, and often mentioned it in hope of finding out the benevolent giver; but in vain, till some two years afterwards he went to visit Dr. Talbot, an eminent physician of Hereford, who, though kind-hearted and generous, was an infidel in principle, though his wife was a member of Dr. Stennett's church thought it his duty to introduce some topic that might be profitable, and so speaking of the efficacy of prayer, mentioned the case of poor Caleb.

"Caleb," said Dr. Talbot, "I shall never forget him as long as I live."

"Why?" said Dr. Stennett, "what do you know of him?"

"Very little," said Dr. Talbot; "but yet I am sure it must be the man you mean."

He then went on to say that the summer before the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding among the hills, when he saw a large number of people assembled in a barn, and going up to learn the catechism, he found a man preaching. All were attentive to the speaker, and one poor man especially he noticed who had a Bible in his hand and turned to every passage he quoted.

He was so interested in this man that after service was over he spoke to him asking some question about his meeting and also inquiring about his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb.

After he had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more of the matter till the great storm of the following winter when, as he lay in bed, knowing whether he was asleep or awake, he seemed to hear the words, "Send provisions to Caleb!" At first he was a little startled, but concluding it was a dream, endeavored to compose himself to sleep, when again he thought he heard the same words.—He now waked his wife, and told her; but also thought it was only a dream, and fell asleep again.—But his mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; and again seeming to hear the same voice, he got up, called his servant, bade him bring the Bible, which he assisted the servant in finding, and then told him to Caleb.

The result was, that Caleb and his wife, and seven children were left, almost as wonderfully as the prophet in the wilderness or the multitudes in the desert.

The whole story is well authenticated, and is given more at length in some reminiscences of Dr. Stennett. *Does not God care for his people? Does he not hear and answer their prayers?*

MAGAZINES FOR 1863.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE for January,
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for January,
BALFOUR'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for Jan.

For sale at 128 THAMES ST., T. W. WOOD.

VIOLINS just received at the City Music Store,
Nov. 1 T. W. WOOD.

BETHEOVEN'S WALLZES.—A large lot low priced,
just received at the City Music Store,
Nov. 1 T. W. WOOD.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

GUIDE ME! THOU GREAT JEHOVAH, Solo
Guitar & Chorus, come away with me, song
by H. M. C. Please, and dialogue, by Buckle, solo
singers. We are evenging Father Abraham, a new and good
song by Spode. My heart remains with thee by Moritz. Skeddy elegantly defined and musically illustrated, by denkla. To Inez, just received at the City
Music Store, 88 Thames Street.

Y. W. WOOD.

BLACK GOODS.—WM. C. COZZENS & CO.

are opening this week—Black Medium, Black F.

and 6-4 Medium drab, Black Poplins, blue and

medium Black Broc, Black English Broadcloth, Black

Turk Cloth, Black Marapex, Queen Cloth, and many

other Black and Black and White Drap Goods; also

Black Merino, 2 yards wide, for shawls.

Dr. Oct. 23.

400 BUSHELS Extra Western Mixed Corn, dis-

charged from schooner Sarah Jane.

50 tons fine Coal to arrive.

50 barrels Flour, choice brands, per Schooner Sarah

Jane.

10 tons extra Buckwheat, fresh ground, per steamer

SWINBURNE'S, opposite foot of Mary st.

Oct. 20

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Gentlemen can be accommodated with large, dry,

sleeping apartments, and meals served upon the Earliest

Plan.

May 23.

THE STEAMER METROPOLIS,

will leave Fall River every Monday,

Wednesday and Friday, on the arrival of steamboat

line from Boston for New York, via Newport; leaving

Newport at 8½ o'clock, and arriving in New York at

about 12 o'clock, p. m. Return will leave New

York at 3 o'clock, p. m.

THE DAY STATE.

CAPT. JEWETT, will leave Fall River every Tues-

day, Thursday and Saturday as above for New York via

Newport, leaving New York at 6 o'clock, p. m.

THE DAY STATE.

CABIN fare from Newport to New York, \$3.00

Deck fare, " " 2.50

State Rooms \$1 extra, to be obtained at the Agent.

For further information apply to the Company's Office.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent, 15 Broadway, N. Y.

or W. K. DEFLINN, Agent, No. 5 Lenox Street, Newport, R. I.

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NEWPORT:

Tuesday Afternoon, January 6, 1863.

For Foreign News, see this page.—Latest News from the War News, see this page.—Latest News from "Telegraph," Commercial and Marine Matters, third page.—Miscellanous Reading, full Subscription and Advertising Terms, First page.

Advertisers are not allowed to insert stereotyped display lines or cuts in the columns of this paper.

THE NEWS.

To the tempest-tossed mariner for a long time shrouded from the sun and at a loss to know his exact position, the breaking rays of the coming sun bring the most cheering feelings. Even so, now, the latest news of the war, if true, looks upon us like the sun in its aspecting, in the midst of our despondency at the gloomy state of our affairs. The taking of Vicksburg and the success of Rosecrans over the rebels at Murfreesboro, are announced since we went to press yesterday, and fill our hearts with joy, making all who hear the good tidings buoyant and expectant of still better things to come. The latest reliable news previous was that there were terrible battles raging at both these places, but with no definite results in our favor. A special dispatch to the New York Sunday *Herald* stated that Vicksburg had been captured by our forces, but no confirmation of this was received by the Associated Press until yesterday afternoon, and then we received it only in time to bulletin it, and not in time for our issue of yesterday. The news as we now have it is of the utmost importance, and cannot be overestimated. It shows that the winter campaign of the West has opened under the most favorable auspices. The soldiers of the West had a glorious record before, in this war, but now it grows brighter every day. Gen. Rosecrans seems to understand the vast importance of pushing any advantages he may gain, to their full extent, and with promptness and vigor—a piece of war strategy which some others of our commanders have yet to learn. He is a man of undoubted courage and valorously leads his men to the charge. He is no "carpet knight," and we can only wish that we had more like him. Gen. Banks, too, is another like him. He always does something, and always at the right time and in the right way.—The taking of Vicksburg is really in a strategical point of view, and practically, of more importance in wounding the rebels than would be that of the taking of Richmond. It cuts the rebels off from their main resources, and should Tennessee come into our possession, and Vicksburg be really taken, the rebels will feel the crushing, choking embrace of the Union "Anæsthetic," more terribly than ever. The taking of Richmond would give us a prestige abroad which perhaps nothing else can, but the capture of Vicksburg opens the Great Mississippi to the vast trade of the South and West, and shuts up the South in uncomfortably narrow limits. The cheering news from Arkansas also adds to the brightening view with goodly promise of "interior of the same sort." Altogether, we may well find in the latest news just reason for hope—hope that leaves us last—vigor and valor are the talismanic words now. One prompt, vigorous, courageous blow dealt at such times as this, is worth a dozen under some other circumstances. Successes of this kind cause the heart of the nation to beat with new life, and adds to the general determination to "live or die," till this glorious war is brought to a successful issue in favor of law, humanity and right. May no cloud come between us and the brightening prospects of our final success. The loss of the Monitor with thirty brave lives, is the only draw back to our feelings in the midst of the news of our glorious victories, and this doubtless causes to elasten and subdue our feelings, and remind us of the fact, that we are still under the direction of Him "who worketh his own will among the children of men."

STATE ITEMS.

The funeral of Lieutenant R. A. Briggs, of Co. A, 12th Regiment, was solemnized at Centerville, Sunday, with many demonstrations of pathos. The village was filled with people who had assembled from within a circuit of many miles to signify their respect for the memory of this gallant and noble-hearted young officer. At about half-past eleven o'clock the remains were borne from the late home of the deceased in Centerville to the church at Centerville, which was already filled to overflowing by sympathizing spectators. Great numbers of people were unable to gain admittance. The room was decorated with flags and mourning hangings. The services were conducted by the Rev. E. Woodworth of Greenville, who delivered an appropriate discourse commending upon the patriotic services and heroic death of one who fell so nobly in the cause of his country.

The remains were enclosed in a rich casket appropriately trimmed and covered with the flag.—The bier, (which, with the gloom, were furnished by Mr. G. T. Scott,) was heavily draped, tastefully adorned with flags and wreaths of laurel and drawn by two black horses with saddle plumes.

The remains were followed to the village to a long procession of mourners. The following named officers acted as pall-bearers, viz.: Lieuts. C. H. Greene and S. C. Arnold, of the Mechanic Regt.; W. H. Mason, of the Banshee Zouaves; Wm. W. Douglas, John Argan and George H. Pierce, of the 5th Regt.—*Press.*

Henry C. Wright, of Company B, 5th Regt., unfortunately wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, was shot near the last by a

ket ball. He volunteered to go forward with his commanding officer into a position of unusual exposure, and was killed while standing in full view of the enemy. He only said, "Leave me and fire two rounds for me." His body was afterwards buried in the field. He was a brother of Louis Wright, Esq., of this city.—*Ibid.*

Providence.—The friends of Lieut. John Dalton, presented him with a sword, on Wednesday evening. Speeches were made by Messrs. Clement Webster, J. D. Murphy, James M. Richardson, W. H. Dally, J. M. Conoran, and Samuel Moore. The affair is said to have been a very pleasant one.

Rebels.—About fifty recruits for C. I. Baller's went out last evening.

Personal.—Lieut. Gladning, formerly of the Revenue service, recently taken in the act of running the blockade, has returned to Newport.

Lieut. Col. Shaw of the 12th R. I. Regt. left last night to join the same, in the steamboat train.

Capt. Brown.—has been appointed 2d Lieut. in the 2d Regiment R. I. Cavalry.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Jan. 3, 1863.

To *The News*.—The first of the year is one of the gayest, and most enjoyed days that visiting New York has in its calendar. Perhaps here the custom of making and receiving calls is carried to a greater extent than elsewhere in the north. Business is entirely suspended, except of course here and there some of the *civil* occupations of the city never suspend from year to year. Merry parties in the streets make it lively, with a new kind of liveliness, different from the care and business aspect of ordinary days. So many greetings and well-wishings for the new year we heard on all sides; a general festival among the Germans and Swiss and Italians and other holiday-celebrating people, who eat such a European repast in our city lives; open house to all friends and acquaintances; the renewing of friendship, which in large cities is apt to fall slack during the business days, and partly on account of the long distances between friend and friend; all these things make the day a social, happy one, and open the year bright. This year the calling has been less than last. Also many families instead of keeping open houses were content to receive merely the cards of the visitors, and some, with the national mourning in their midst, not even did, but passed the day closed up. If the calling was less it was just as heavy. And young, well dressed New York made a day of it.

The inauguration of Governor Seymour, and his unaccustomed speech, has been on the *tops* of talk for the last two days. His party are confident and bold, and appear to expect large results at once. A peculiar humor has been around the streets to the effect that snaky prominent leaders of the Seymour Democratic party have been in correspondence with leading men in Secession, and it was proposed to effect a compromise through the strong influence of New York. But, elated at recent victories, the rebel leaders utterly scoffed at the idea, and with a dead emphasis declared they wanted nothing whatever to do with the old *mos*, and could take care of themselves. This angered the Seymourites; and it was stated Governor Seymour would take strong war grounds, casting aside all party feeling for the South.—You have above for what it is worth. I give it direct from Dame Runer, who often speaks many a true word in jest.

Those who can appreciate merit, and who delight to honor a dutiful, efficient man, are "on to" to give Gen. Butler an ovation. The gallant General arrived here Thursday, entertained a few friends at the St. Nicholas, was off for Washington yesterday morning. In a few days it is hoped, if the President does not keep his Benjamin news him, which the people truly wish he would, that instars in the war office might take skill and vigor; he will return to receive that said reception or greeting. It can be counted on being of exceeding warmth.

To show the bitter state of feeling toward the Government in Baltimore it is a noticeable fact that individuals here get, as a general rule checks and drabs from that city without the revenue stamps attached. Straws show which way the wind blows. This little thing opens the red status of patriots here. To spite the Government they would shock all the slaves they can.

It is supposed General McClellan will *note this* city his home, and after the War, resign his commission. A magnificent mansion on Fifth Avenue, valued at forty thousand dollars, has been presented to him by his admirers; and the beautiful, accomplished Mrs. Mac. will be its mistress. It is not a long way for the General to a high position in our political world. Already his lucky star is shining.

The smallest piece of sacrifice humanity grows up and educated and agreeable, is the coming forth Miss Lavinia Warren, who is on a par in size with Thimb and Null, but who is their superior in intellect and accomplishments. She highly private letters to the St. Nicholas, and the Press has been honored with special invitations. It is her intention to exhibit first in Europe before the public. After astonishing them, and the war being closed the desire to open very wide the eyes of the "anks." Her success is equal to her conversational powers, and her ability, fame and golden honors will be reaped.

MARK MORSE.

Rebels' Services at the Grove.—The following are some interesting particulars of the method of holding religious services at the Grove:

A growing interest is manifested in the evening services at the Chapel. They are held every evening, commencing at half-past six o'clock, and continuing until about eight. The following order is usually observed: The chaplain reads a hymn, which alternately in singing, accompanied by a psalm, played by one of the soldiers. A portion of the Scripture is then read and commented upon by the chaplain, after which he offers a prayer, the congregation again sing, and then liberally pray, for longer or remarks from any in the audience. This is improved by the soldiers either in extempore descriptions of thrilling incidents, which they witnessed in battle, thus adding variety as well as instruction to the exercises.

On Sabbath there is preaching in the morning and Bible class in the afternoon, with general exercises in the evening.—*Press.*

LOCAL NEWS.

THE MONITOR IN NEWPORT?—Considerable commotion has been stirred up in our community by the appearance of our harbor, at a little after one o'clock, of an apparently iron-clad Monitor vessel in tow of a tug. The curiosity of our citizens is raised to the highest pitch, and every available boat has been put out by those anxious to get a closer view of the wonder, whatever it may be. To our mind there is no great mystery about the matter—considering the fact that the Monitor "Nashua" left Boston yesterday in tow, and has undoubtedly been obliged to put in here from foul weather.

Recruits.—About fifty recruits for C. I. Baller's went out last evening.

Personal.—Lieut. Gladning, formerly of the Revenue service, recently taken in the act of running the blockade, has returned to Newport.

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This year the calling has been less than last.

Also many families instead of keeping open

houses were content to receive merely the cards of the visitors, and some, with the national mourning in their midst, not even did, but passed the day closed up.

If the calling was less it was just as heavy.

And young, well dressed New York made a day of it.

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